I MAK SICCAR
ANDREW·J·KIRKPATRICK

FOUR EXCELLENT

New Songs,

VIZ.

Kelly-burn Braes.

The Lee Rig.

The Rose's Hue.

The Sun in the West, fa's to rest in the E'enin'.

Robertson, Printer, Horse Wynd, Edinburgh.

KELLY-BURN BRAES.

THERE lived a carl on Kelly-bu
braes,
Hey and the rue grows bonny
thyme,
And he had a wife was the plague of his da
And the thyme it is wither'd and
is in prime.

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang gle
Hey and the rue, &c.
He met wi' the d-v-l, says, how do you f
And the thyme, &c.

I've got a bad wife, Sir, that's my compla
Hey and the rue, &c.
For, saving your presence, to her ye're a fa
And the thyme, &c.

It's neither your stot nor your staig I sl
crave,
Hey and the rue, &c.
But gie me your wife, man, for her I m
have,
And the thyme, &c.

O, welcome most kindly the blythe carl s
Hey and the rue, &c.

ut if ye can match her—ye're waur than
ye're ca'd,
And the thyme, &c.

he d-v-l has got the auld wife on his back,
Hey and the rue, &c.
nd like a poor pedlar he's carried his pack,
And the thyme, &c.

e's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door,
Hey and the rue, &c.
yne bad her gae in for b— and w—,
And the thyme, &c.

hen straight he makes fifty, the pick of
his band,
Hey and the rue, &c.
urn out on her guard in the clap of a hand,
And the thyme, &c.

he carlin gaed thro' them like ony wud
bear,
Hey and the rue, &c.
Vhae'er ſhe gat hands on, cam near her
nae mair,
And the thyme, &c.

reekit, wee d-v-l looks over the wa'
Hey and the rue, &c.

O help, master, help! or she'll ruin us a'
And the thyme, &c.

The d-v-l he swore by the edge o' his kn
Hey and the rue, &c.
He pity'd the man that was ty'd to sic w
And the thyme, &c.

The d-v-l he swore by the Kirk and the b
Hey and the rue, &c.
He was not in wedlock, thank heaven,
in h—,
And the thyme, &c.

Then Satan has travell'd again his pack
Hey and the rue, &c.
And to her auld husband he's carried
back,
And the thyme, &c.

I hae been a d-v-l the feck o' my life,
Hey and the rue, &c.
But ne'er was in h-ll till I met wi' a wi
And the thyme, &c

THE LEE RIG.

WILL ye gang o'er the lee rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

And cuddle there fu' kindly
Wi' me, my kind dearie, O?
At thorny dike, or birkin tree,
We'll daff and never weary, O!
They'll feug ill een frae you and me,
My ain kind dearie, O.

Nae herd wi' kent or colly there,
Shall ever come to fear ye, O;
But lav'rocks, whiftling in the air,
Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O.
While others herd their lambs and ewes,
And toil for warld's gear, my joe,
Upon the lee my treafure grows
Wi' me, my ain kind dearie, O.

A gloamin', if my lane I be,
Oh, but I'm wond'rous eerie, O,
And mony a heavy figh I gi'e,
When abfent frae my dearie, O:
But feated 'neath the milk-white thorn,
In ev'ning fair and clearie, O,
Enraptur'd a' my cares I fcorn,
Whan wi' my kind dearie, O.

Whar thro' the birks the burnie rows,
Aft ha'e I fat fu' cheerie, O,
Upon the bonny greenfward hows,
Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O,

I've courted till I've heard the craw
Of honeſt chanticleerie, O,
Yet never miſs'd my ſleep ava,
Whan wi' my kind dearie, O.

For tho' the night were ne'er ſae dark,
And I were ne'er ſae wearie, O,
I'd meet thee on the lee rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.
While in this weary warld of wae,
This wilderneſs ſae dreary, O,
What maks me blithe, and keeps me ſae
'Tis thee, my kind dearie, O.

THY CHEEK IS O' THE ROSE's HU

I.

THY cheek is o' the roſe's hue,
My only joe and dearie, O!
Thy neck is like the filler dew
Upon the bank ſae brierie, O!
Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
O ſweet's the twinkle o' thine e'e;
Nae joy, nae pleaſure blinks on me,
My only joe and dearie, O!

II.

The birdie ſings upon the thorn
Its ſang o' joy fu' cheerie, O!

Rejoising in the ſimmer morn,
Nae care to mak' it eerie, O!
But little kens the ſangſter ſweet
Ought o' the care I hae to meet,
That gars my reſtleſs boſom beat,
My only joe and dearie, O!

III.

Whan we war bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinkin' bonny, O!
Aft we wad daff the leelang day,
Our joys fu' ſweet and mony, O!
Aft I wad chaſe thee o'er the lee,
And round about the thornie tree,
Or pu' the wild flow'rs a' for thee,
My only joe and dearie, O!

IV.

I hae a wiſh I canna tine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O!
A wiſh that thou wert ever mine
And never mair to leave me, O!
Then I wad daut thee night and day,
Nae ither warl'ly care wad hae,
Till life's warm ſtream forgot to play,
My only joe and dearie, O!

THE SUN IN THE WEST FA'S TO REST IN THE E'ENIN'.

THE ſun in the weſt fa's to reſt in the e'enin',
Ilk morning blinks cheerfu' upon the green lee;
But, ah! on the pillow o' ſorrow ay leanin',
Nae mornin', nae e'enin', brings pleaſure to me.
O! waefu' the parting, when ſmiling at danger,
Young Allan left Scotia to meet wi' the fae;
Cauld, cauld now he lies in a land amang ſtrangers,
Frae friends, and frae Helen for ever away.

II.

As the aik on the mountain reſiſts the blaſt rairin',
Sae did he the brunt o' the battle ſuſtain,
Till treach'ry arreſted his courage ſae darin',
And laid him pale, lifeleſs, upon the drear plain.
Cauld winter the flower deveſts o' its cleidin,
In ſimmer again it blooms bonny to ſee;
But naething, alas! can e'er hale my heart bleidin'
Drear winter remaining for ever wi' me.

RB 75738

Library

of the

University of Toronto